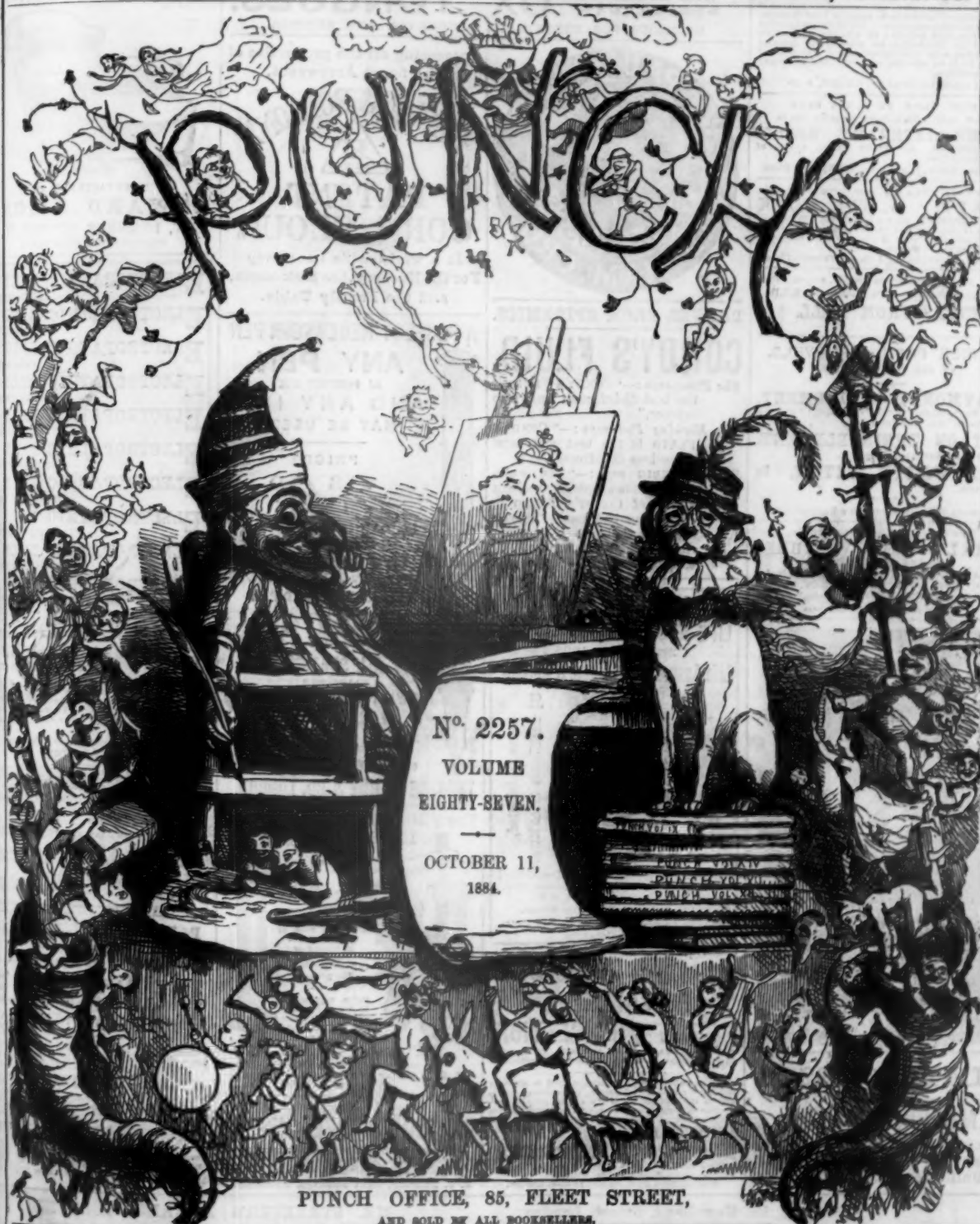


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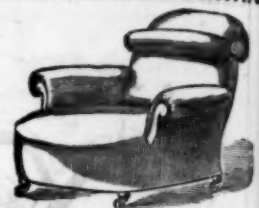
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LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

III.—ON WORKING OVER-TIME.

DEAR TOBY,

I HAVE your letter, in which you complain of the almost unbearable tax on your time by reason of the necessity of making speeches in the Recess. As you very justly say, the work of Parliament in these times goes beyond anything known to former generations. We sit through longer hours, the Session is more extended,



"RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!"

and occasionally we have an Autumn Session. A man is pretty well fagged out by the end of August; and it's rather hard on him to set him off again till the House meets at the end of October, and regular work comes on.

Your letter is only one of a series that reach me every day. I have come to dread the appearance of the post-bag. Here's one Member writes:—"Haven't seen my wife and family since the House was up. Making speeches all over the district. Am worn to a skeleton; can get no sleep; when I drop off, begin going through the old grind. Wake up with a start; think I hear them cheering for GLADSTONE or groaning at SALISBURY."

Another writes—"Haven't had my clothes off for three weeks. Travelling all day. Making speeches every night. Private business going to the dogs. Health undermined. Suffering from loss of appetite, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, and failure of memory. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, there'll be a vacancy in my borough."

This is very hard to bear, and there's no arguing out of it. Still the thing must be kept up till the opening of the Session; and I've got so many fellows on the sick list, that I can't spare you, nor anyone else. What I find in my correspondence is, the common complaint of the necessity of making a new speech at a new place. "If it was not for those confounded reporters," is the cry, "we should do very well. We could make one speech, and repeat it at the various places we go to." But speeches are reported, and terrible necessity arises of grinding out some new notes on the old tune.

Now, here's where I can help you with a suggestion. It seems to me that, when a man really has only one speech to make, it's no use his trying to turn it into fourteen, or forty. I don't go on the stump much myself. I have made my speech, and there it is. I fancy that the hours I keep when the House is sitting are sufficiently long to excuse me. KENSINGTON has to jog around a bit since he's going to fight Middlesex, and I'm expecting every day to hear of COTES going on the rampage through Shropshire, stirring them up with his passionate eloquence, and making the local Tories sit up.

But if I were regularly on the stump like you and the rest, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd make a fair start, say—supposing Lancashire were my campaign-ground—at Burnley. Then, in due course, I would go round to Blackburn, Wigan, Stalybridge, Bolton, and, I suppose, half-a-dozen other places. Say I have to speak at Bolton to-night. Very well. I should open with a few remarks of local bearing, expressing my appreciation of the picturesque situation of the town, the sturdiness of the men, the

beauty of the women, the high personal character of the Chairman, and so on. Then, early in the speech, there would come a reference to the Franchise Bill, which I had already dealt with at large at Burnley. Do I go over it again now? Certainly not. "Gentlemen," I would say, "with respect to the Franchise Bill, as I said at Burnley—" and then read them the extract. If they were looking at all bored, I should introduce the name of GLADSTONE. "With respect to that great man," I would observe, "as I said the other night at Stalybridge—" and here would come in the passage. Then there's Lord SALISBURY to be denounced as dragging the House of Lords to certain ruin. "As to Lord SALISBURY," I would say, "I cannot do better than repeat you what I said at Wigan on Tuesday last."

Thus you will cover, without difficulty, and with perfect satisfaction to the audience, the greater portion of the ground to be traversed. In order to avoid prejudice, it would be well always to give one passage from a speech not yet delivered. Thus, on the general question of the position of the House of Lords, you would remark, "As I intend, if I am spared, to say at Blackburn next week—" And here comes in a rasping attack on the Lords, which it would be well, as being the most toothsome morsel, to save to the last. This will tickle their palate in two ways. "Ha! ha!" they will say, "Blackburn's a big place, but we're ahead of it. Here's this great Parliamentary orator giving us a cut off their joint before he serves it up to them." You may have to change this last passage at each place if there are reporters about. But you'll see how much you'll save by the means here pointed out. Let me know how the plan works, as there are one or two other fellows who would like to be put up to it.

To TOBY, M.P.,
The Kennel, Barks.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD GROSVENOR.

THE THREE CHAMPIONS.

Three Champions went stamping up into the North,
Up into the North, with identical creeds;
Lord S. took the Clyde, and Sir STAFFORD the Forth,
While Lord RANDOLPH he posed as a Leader at Leeds.
For if Radicals rant, then Tories will fret,
And there's little to learn, and much to forget,
When our rival Chiefs are spouting.

Three Editors sat in their newspaper towers,
While the "flimsies" came pouring in fast as could be;
And they kindly cut short the rhetorical flowers,
And sighed when the language was "painful and free;"
For if Rads will threaten, then Tories must scold,
Though Europe be angry and ironclads old,
And patriots hate this spouting.

Three crowds of admirers they chortled and cheered,
For the Leaders went up, and their speeches "went down;"
And the Editors swear by Lord BEACONFIELD'S beard
That the country is with them as well as the Town.
But though Tories and Radicals scream themselves red,
The sooner it's over, the sooner to bed,
And good-bye to this pestilent spouting!

APPROACH OF THE MILLENNIUM—THE JOHN BULL-FIGHT!!—
"Good old times revived." Tom and Jerry again:—

MASSIE and MIDDINGS were two pretty men
Till they had "foughten": they weren't pretty then;
The Peelers faint MIDDINGS saw with his one eye,
MASSIE much damaged, and neither could fly.

An appropriate spot for a pugilistic encounter would be Mill Hill. The *Daily Telegraph* was rather hard on the two Professors of the Noble Art when it observed that Messrs. MASSIE and MIDDINGS "might fitly have fought in a cow-house." Why? Neither was a coward! But anyway fistcuffs are better than man-and-dog fights.

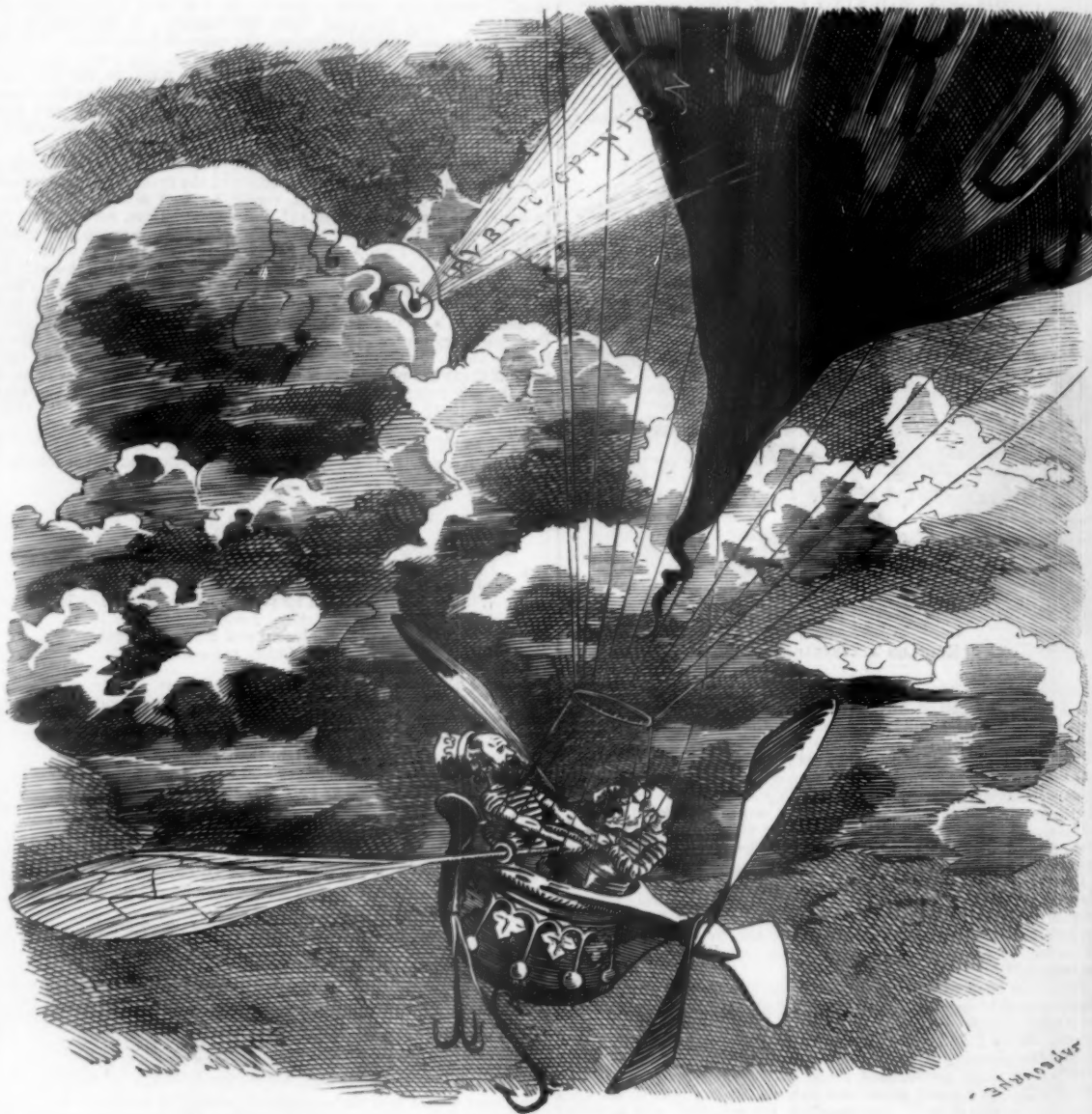
The New Rape of the Lock.

[It is said that John Chinaman has determined to stop the supplies of Mongolian tresses upon which Wig-makers largely depend.]

WHAT, spoil Stagedom's splendours, and steal Beauty's glories?
Oh, out on the almond-eyed, odd pigtailed pigs!
And yet the bad news must bring joy to the Tories:
'Tis but a new fashion of "dishing the W(h)igs!"

MOTTO! FOR THE CLAIMANT (to be placed over his looking-glass, probably provided by a certain Hotel Proprietor, one of his chief supporters).—"Truth See-Opter."

"UP IN A BALLOON, BOYS!"



SCENE—Mid-Air. The Political Steering Balloon making its first experiment.

Lord S. and Sir S. N., First and Second Aëronaut.

First Aëronaut (confidently). This latest development of Aëronautics, this power of steering a Balloon against the wind, is a Great Fact! (Aloud.) Ha! ha! GLADSTONE twitted us once with living up in a Balloon, out of touch of everything terrestrial. What will he say now?

Second A. (sighing). Ah! what, indeed?

First A. Why, the political REWARD, BEACONSFIELD himself, would hardly have ventured this.

Second A. (confidently). Certainly not!

First A. His audacity and initiative were much overrated, I think. He was good at tacking, I admit, but as to sailing dead in the wind's eye like—

[Gust of wind. First Aëronaut turns crank energetically.

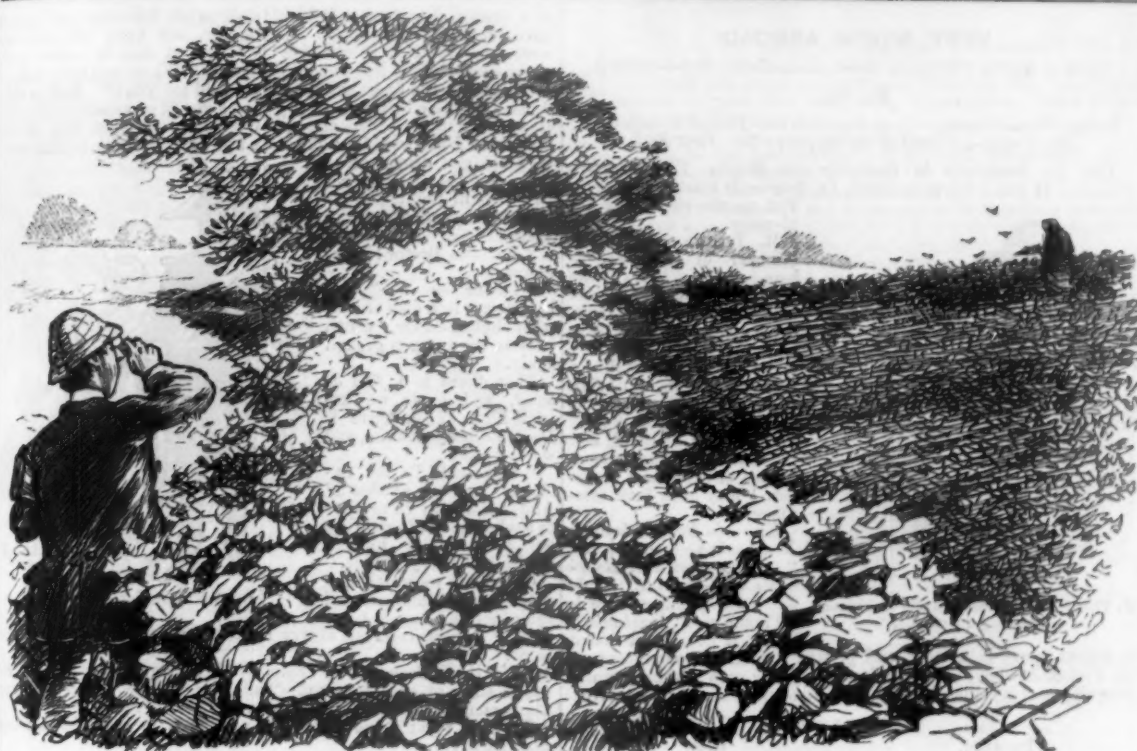
Second A. (clinging terror-stricken to the edge of the Car). Oh, I say, gently, Man, gently! You'll shake the whole Balloon to bits, or tumble us both out of the Car.

First A. Not at all—(puff!)—don't you be frightened. (Puff!) Scientists and Scribes have ridiculed REWARD's experiment (Puff!) We musn't fail and be laughed at. (Puff!) Tear my arms out sooner. (Puff!) There! how's that?

Second A. "No forrader, no forrader!" Haven't moved an inch that I can see. I tell you it's not a bit of use. The wind is too much for us! [Left descending.

"THE A. B. C. OF IT."

LORD NORTHBROOK has gone to the Delta for further information. It may be confidently assumed that he has mastered the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma of his mission, as he has now advanced to the Delta.



"THE STUBBLES."

Sporting Gent (from London). "HOW PROVOKIN'! HERE HAVE I BEEN TRAMPING ABOUT ALL DAY, AND NEVER GETTING WITHIN TEN YARDS OF 'EM, AND THERE 'S THAT OLD WOMAN POKIN' 'EM UP WITH 'ER UMBRELLER!"

SCHOLARS AND PLAYERS.

THAT the aggressive vigour displayed by that pushing little institution known as the "Dramatic School of Art" should have led it into fresh fields of enterprise is no matter for wonder, and from its latest advertisement, headed with the imposing name of its august "President," it appears that its assiduous labours have at length been crowned with no inconsiderable success. Not only are its funds now sufficient to admit of its educational advantages being offered to the Public on reduced terms, but nothing less than a couple of "Scholarships, entitling the holder to free tuition in all branches, and tenable for one year," are actually to be competed for in a real examination at Christmas. This is most promising, and no time should be lost by the Professorial Staff in furnishing intending candidates with specimens of the papers they will be expected to face on the encouraging occasion.

The triumphs of the School, too, are of no mean order, and, following the precedent set by Messrs. WREN AND GURNEY, the Oxford Military College, and similar establishments that "prepare for the

professions," it announces that out of its two hundred pupils it has successfully passed no less than fifty-seven to "salaried engagements." This is a hopeful—almost a brilliant statistic, and though not of any direct or immediate comfort to the other 143 finished scholars who are possibly still waiting for something to turn up, one that nevertheless ought to inspire confidence in the regular outsider who is perpetually thirsting for fame, or even for obscurity, beyond the footlights.

As a means of turning his advertisement to the very best account, the President would do well to take another leaf out of the book of Messrs. WREN, GURNEY, & Co., and furnish a few details, giving the names, and, if not the number of marks, the salaries obtained by his successful candidates. He might even enter into further particulars with much effect. Say, for instance, that the "School" has succeeded in any current quarter in passing ten pupils to salaried engagements. Some such Schedule as the following could hardly fail to prove attractive and interesting:—

PUPIL'S NAME.	Specialty Trained for	Character selected by Pupil.	Salary asked by Pupil.	Character selected by Manager.	Salary given by Manager.	Length of Engagement.
John Thomas Smith	Tragedy	Hamlet	£100 per week	2nd Player	£0 12 0	1 week.
Horatio Wilson Barrett Brown ..	Pantomime	Harlequin	£25 per week	Hamlet	£0 0 0	5 weeks.
Leonora Kendal Siddons	Comedy	Beatrice	£30 per week	Mrs. Bouncer	£0 5 0	1 night.
Turner Toole Northumberland ..	Tragedy	King Lear	£1 10s. per week	Galvanico the Fire Sprite	£5 0 0	3 years.
Henry Solomons Irving	Circus	{ The Bare-backed Steed — Wonder of the Antilles }	£5 per week	Evelyn	{ One per cent. of gross receipts }	{ 1 month. 1 night.
Ben Jenson Jones	Burlesque	Captain Crostree	£20 per week	Julius Cesar	£0 15 0	1 week.
Elizabeth Faucit de Roshevill ..	Melodrama	Eily O'Connor	£10 per week	Nurse in Romeo and Juliet	£0 0 0	1 month.
Macready Blink Parkinson	Tragedy	Macbeth	Half gross	{ 1st Witch	£0 0 0	Ditto.
Gustavus Bancroft Abrahams ..	Tragedy	Macbeth	receipts, and	{ 2nd Witch	£0 0 0	Ditto.
Roscius Harris Sheridan Stubbs ..	Tragedy	Macbeth	Benefit.	{ 3rd Witch	£0 0 0	Ditto.

Such an occasional published announcement, if it did not act as a very violent incentive to youthful aspirants for histrionic fame and emolument, would at least let the outside world see what good, steady, hopeful, business-like work the enterprising little "School"

was doing; and all well-wishers of the Institution cannot but trust that something of the sort will be shortly forthcoming. The noble and distinguished President cannot too speedily take the matter in hand.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. VII.

Taking Pleasure sadly—Contribution to new French Grammar—Our Police—Arrival of the Serpent—Our First Fall.

YES, La Bourboule is decidedly *une Station Thermale très sérieuse*. If you come to be cured, La Bourboule must be endured.

M. Tirard, the French Minister of Finance, honouring a Draught.

But no one stops here for pleasure.

M. TIRARD, the French Minister of Finance, is here. He takes his waters seriously, and rides with determined regularity. Otherwise he is never seen amusing himself, though I fancy I once caught a glimpse of him studying the doctrine of chances at *les petits chevaux*, but it was only for a second, and as his face was almost hidden entirely in a wrapper, I may have been mistaken.No—à la Bourboule *soyez Bourboulais*—I should say “*quand on est à la Bourboule, on bourboule*.” I do not know whether there is a French verb “*bourbouler*”—but, if not, I here inventit, patent it, say it, write it, and present it with my compliments to the French Academy. It is *not* an irregular verb; nothing can be irregular that is connected with La Bourboule. It is a verb active.

INFINITIVE.

PRESENT.

Bourbouler—to go through the treatment, and do all that is to be done at La Bourboule.

PAST.

Avoir bourboulé—to have gone through the treatment at La Bourboule.

INDICATIVE.

PRESENT.

Je bourboule—I am going through the, &c., &c.

PAST INDEFINITE.

J'ai bourboulé—I have gone through the, &c., &c.

And so on.

The “Conditional” must depend on the patient's health and temper. The “Imperative” is the Professional or “Medical Mood.”

SUBJUNCTIVE (IMPERFECT).—*Que je bourboulassé*—that I might go through the treatment, &c. (This is the expression of a fervent hope; or the consideration of a Doctor's doubtful permission: *il avait dit que je bourboulassé*.)On Sunday evening the place is quite *en fête*. But the Eastern Despot, whose name is no longer Easy, and myself have no right to be *en fête*. We feel that we are robbing the Casino by occupying a table when we can neither drink nor smoke.For us even *La Mascotte*, *c'est à dire le jeu au Pandemonium à un sou la mise*, with its *Baigneuse qui perd*, its *Chinois qui gagne*, offers us no enticement, and the proximity of *les petits chevaux*, *série jaune ou verte*, *courses à un et à deux francs*, does not make our hearts beat one throb the faster, nor set the blood coursing through our veins.I hear of complaints being made, at other places, against the patronage extended to the *petits chevaux*, and of indignant questions (probably put by losers) as to why the police do not suppress the game of the Little Horses. Here, at La Bourboule, not only does the game attract everybody, but it is even regularly patronised by our solitary representative of the police, a jovial-looking Gendarme, who comes out on duty in full uniform, and is generally accompanied by his admiring wife and family, to the youngest of whom (not the baby) he gives francs to play for him; and I notice that the lad, who can scarcely reach up to the table, is usually a winner, and honestly hands back the gains to his papa, who smiles on his spouse and pockets the francs with an air of considerable satisfaction.

Suddenly the situation is changed. Our Evil Genius, in the form of TOM SPICER, has arrived. CHIVERS and myself are obeying the Doctor's orders steadily, but TOM SPICER only considers his Doctor as a guide to the manners and customs of La Bourboule. He breakfasts with us, and—confound him!—he takes everything and anything! So he does at dinner. Hitherto, on the appearance

of a beautiful melon, or a nice fresh salad, CHIVERS and myself have regarded one another mournfully, but have felt that we were doing our duty in ordering the waiter at once to *enlever cette chose*,—*pas de ça*. But SPICER exclaims, “What! not take melon? My dear boy, the finest thing in the world for you!” And he consumes two slices before we have got over our fit of astonishment. We almost expect a sudden and awful punishment upon him for his rashness. Not a bit of it; he beams upon us cheerfully, pushes away his plate, and drinks off a bumper of the generous *vin rouge*. Still nothing happens to him, and we breathe again.

“But the Doctor!” we commence.

“Doctor be —” but here comes in a dish of fish, with butter-sauce, which puts us on common ground again.

Then there is a *filet de bœuf*, and again we are with him. Then there is *jambon sauce japonaise*, and we daren't.“Comment!” he exclaims, “*pas de jambon!*” And before we have time to shake our heads wearily, he has helped himself freely, and is enjoying it.Once more we watch him with painful interest, and again nothing happens. A bowl of *haricots verts au beurre* appears, and we are all “on in this scene.”Then the *entremets*. “Comment!” he again exclaims, as we refuse slices of open jam-tart—“*pas de pâtisserie!*” It's the most wholesome thing in the world, and a *spécialité* here.”

CHIVERS regards me curiously, and then he eyes the jam-tart affectionately.

“Is it good?” he inquires, hesitatingly, of SPICER.

“*Très bon—first-rate!*” replies SPICER, who likes mixing his English—“*ça ne vous fera mal à la tête, si vous en avez un tonneau.*”

One cloud of mistrust crosses CHIVERS's face,—if his “name is Easy” now, will it be afterwards?—one second of lingering conscientiousness, one brief thought of the past, one doubt of the future, one wistful glance at the pastry, and then—all is over—the toothsome slice is on his plate, and the next instant in his mouth. Suddenly he has brightened up; and with the air of a man determined to be satisfied with the rash step he has taken let the consequences be what they may, he exclaims, nodding to SPICER, “You are right. It is deuced good!”

Then he turns to me, as EVE might have turned to ADAM, and says, persuasively, “Have a bit. Do!” adding, *d'une gaieté folle*, which cannot deceive me, “*La conserve est tirée, mangez la.*”

No. I refuse resolutely.

I am sorry for him. I regret his backsliding from the paths of virtue. SPICER, of course, takes dessert, cheese, and *petits pâtés*. Then we rise from table, and SPICER is again going to have his cigar and coffee.“*En aurez-vous un?*” he says, tendering me his case.“*Merci, non,*” I reply, in excellent French.

I cease to be Adamite, and am once more adamantine.

“Does your regular Doctor in Town forbid it?” asks SPICER, carelessly, as he lights up.

“No,” I answer. “None of my Doctors have ever forbidden it in moderation.”

SPICER makes no observation on this, but smiles sarcastically. At once a light breaks in on me. Yes—I see his drift—of course—if none of what he calls my “regular Doctors,” who know me, have ever forbidden it, why should I have such a great regard for the ordonnance of a Doctor who doesn't know me, and who by comparison is only “an irregular Doctor” who has only seen me four days ago, for the first time in his life? Clearly absurd. Still, if he should be right and the others wrong? If they didn't like to tell me, and sent me here to learn the truth? Oh, no! that's impossible.

So . . . I'll . . . well—I'll just smoke a little bit of cigarette to-night, and to-morrow, perhaps, I'll try a cigar.

“I should take a cigar,” says SPICER. “Cigarettes are injurious.” Yes; I have heard that cigarettes are injurious. Therefore, in for a penny in for a pound—in for one cigar in for a pound of ‘em—and I smoke a cigar.

CHIVERS appears with a cigarette—a large one.

“Hullo!” he exclaims, “What, you smoking! Oh!!”



Our Local Gendarme en Duty.

ISAAC.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.

It is with much pleasure that we find ourselves in a position to furnish our readers with one of the opening Chapters of the above Three-Volume Novel already taken in hand, at our urgent and special request, by a well-known, accomplished, and talented Authoress. There is no occasion to enter further into the details of the arrangements we have happily been enabled to make with her, beyond stating that while we have stipulated that she shall on no account whatever prefix any headings, however irreproachable be their taste, to her numbered Chapters, she shall at the same time guarantee that the solid historical erudition, the agreeable social research, and, above all, the thorough mastery of the intricacies of at least one Continental language, that have lent such originality, lightness, and verve to her first essay in her new literary departure, shall not be wanting to her second.

CHAPTER IV.

ISAAC picked his way along the noisome street.

The Rue Groserueil, built as a fanciful whim of the Grand Louis when the Fronde was at its height, and DU BARRY *en peignoir* and MAZARIN *endimanché* were daily checkmating RICHELIEU in that memorable and historic *jeu de la vieille tante Sara* in the leafy glades and groves of Marly, was to-day but a lurid though obese skeleton of rotting plaster, loosened garbage, and malodorous decay.

As ISAAC strode on with difficulty, for he was now up to his *genoux* in the putrid slush that whelmed and gurgled in the thick heavy torrent of the gutter that formed the one refreshing relief to this Gehenna of human habitation, he noticed that the reeking rooms from which an occasional *cubotin* fell with a deadening thud into the rich mire beneath, seemed to be closing more and more with a weird clutch, as of some uncanny hag's arms above him, as he advanced.

Yonder, up at, a first-floor window, was a seething slaughter-house, the offal from which was shot in tons recklessly on to his unprotected *tuile* as he struggled past. Away in the distance, could he have scaled those almy walls and perched himself aloft among the miasma-breathing *pots de cheminées*, with a *Plan de Paris à quinze sous* and an abridged edition of *Palmer's Dictionary of the Times* for 1849, he would have noticed on the dim horizon the outline of that Montmartre in sight of which the perjured prisoner of Jambon cast the die that made CAVAGNAC famous, and gave to the land of CAPEZ, HENRI II., and MARION DE LORME, one fine morning, *une bonne noix à craquer à plein dos*.

But ISAAC was thinking of that far-off home of somebody else in the Druid wastes of Pontihac, and of that Breton folk-lore that he had carefully *collectionné* from an odd volume of Miss MACQUON'S, borrowed in happier years from a local circulating library. Had he had it with him, he might have *alors et là* quoted to himself several pages as a sort of mental padding, in the *tour de force* he was taking this evening almost unconsciously in that king of slums, the Rue Groserueil. But he came to an abrupt halt. His *jambes* had gone through a *gratant ouvert* in the unseen gutter, and, spite his gentle expostulation, refused to carry him even five hundred yards further.

"*Heurtez mes boutons!*" he exclaimed, impatiently wiping some of the thick acrid slush off his palpitating cheeks with the inside of his umbrella; "but whom have we here?"

He was addressing a portly youth of about seven-and-twenty years of age, of fair but rather pulpy proportions, who, standing in his *petites bottes*, might have measured six feet five and a-half. At the present moment, however, he was engaged in standing on his head, while an old crone, who with one hand held a gallon can of cheap petroleum to her shrivelled lips, staggered forward from a smoking dust-bin for the purpose of occasionally lashing him with an iron-handled omnibus horse-whip, which she grasped with the other.

"I can't do it," whined the portly youth, plaintively—"I can't do it, *bonne grande mère*. *Je ne puis plus!*" And, with a little cry, and a painful bend of his fat, twisted, and purple *cou*, he rolled, helplessly, a huge inert mass, on to the heap of fish-bones, broken bottles, decomposing cats, cabbage-stumps, and human hair, that supplied the place of pavement to the Rue Groserueil.

The drunken old hag, her matted locks streaming wildly *dans le vent*, only made a blind, staggering lurch or two at his recumbent face with the iron horse-whip, and then fell backwards into the smoking dust-bin with a smothered oath.

"*Pauvre petit cherreau!*" said ISAAC, kindly, drawing cautiously a little nearer to the prostrate figure of the unpractised acrobat. "*Pauvre enfant!* you have a name? Is it not so?"

"They call me ARTICHAUX," was the reply.

"And you eat?"

"Only *pain* with a little *beurre*."

"And you are fed then by—?"

"The old *maudisson* yonder." He pointed to the dust-bin as he spoke. ISAAC involuntarily threw *une demi-brique* into it. Then he resumed. "And she gives you *à boire*—?"

"Water!"

"That's *l'eau*?"

"Very!"

"And do you never have any other refreshment? Not even a change of air?"

The mild blue violet eye brightened (there was only one), brightened through the mud that covered it. "Sometimes I get a little *bière d la cruche*," he answered.

"Indeed! Then your hair is jugged?"

"Yes, by the good-natured *coiffeur* round the corner! Ah! he is always ready to cook it *à merveille!*"

"And you have a history, ARTICHAUX?"

"I have, Monsieur! and so has my mother, and my grandmother, and my great-grandmother! Shall I give them all to you in turn?"

"They will occupy at least five chapters?"

"True. But we have to fill three whole volumes. Let me begin."

He sat up in the fetid *débris* that surrounded him, and cleared his throat as if he would commence. ISAAC looked at him thoughtfully.

"Not now," he said; "some other time," and extricating his legs carefully from the iron grating, he buttoned up his *habit à deux queues*, and with a sudden movement he turned *sur son anguille*, and proceeded to *couper son bâton*.

ARTICHAUX gave a little gulp of surprise. Then he cast a longing look after him with his one available mild blue violet eye.

But in vain. ISAAC had seen that mild blue violet eye, and it had only determined him. In another minute he was out of sight, for he had *l'accroché!*

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR FARMERS.

(Harvest Home Idyl.)

For a long run of seasons, all bad,

Agricultur' 's looked glummer and glummer;

But this year, Mates, at last we ha' had

An undoubtable old English Summer.

What a proof o' that proverb of old,

'Mongst the many all wrote for our learnin',

For a comfort whereby we be told

'Tis a long lane that han't got no turnan'!

There's abundance of all the corn crops,

Wi' a good yield o' trefoil and clover:

And, besides barley, likewise of hops—

Tectotallers mind 'e—moreover.

And the roots, nigh as well as the seeds,

Extends fur to a fine exhibition;

There be leaswise the turnmuts and swedes

Altogether in splendid condition.

They do tell us, they fellows that knows

About all kinds of causes and reasons,

How through what they call cycles we goes,

Turn and turn, dearth and plentiful seasons.

Now then p'raps times be going to mend,

So that, though this here climate is sickle,

That there lean cycle 's come to an end:

Now, success to a spell for the sickle!

"Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest."

YES, the departing guest is always the "parting" guest, tipping all round; but it isn't *à propos* of this that we have made the above quotation. MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, though he does not lecture at Social Science Congresses, has been studying the comfort of his patrons by facilitating their departure from Drury Lane after the performance. Instead of having to hunt up a half-fuddled functionary, who was useless when he was found, there are now sharp lads in uniform, to bring you a cab as quickly as possible, who are, presumably, dependent on the Manager for their situation. All other Theatres, please copy. The St. James's and the Haymarket, if sometimes the best to go to, were always the worst to get away from. The Gaiety is better when the supply of Commissionnaires is adequate to the demand for cabs. But the National Theatre, which was of all the worst served in this respect, is now the best under the beneficent rule of the Great AUGUSTUS DEUTEROLANUS.

Land and Water.

THE Riparians on the banks of the Thames, some of them, claim certain nooks and corners of that once silver but now sludge-coloured stream, as their own private property under the denomination of "soil." Whatever may be thought of their right and title to the water, there can be no doubt that, in describing it as above, they give it what even in its upper reaches has become a very proper name.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It impels Jones to extreme volubility, and makes him say things he would much rather leave unsaid.)

"BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH—A—TALKING OF COINCIDENCES—A—DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE BROWNS, IN ONSLOW SQUARE!—A—A—LITTLE MAN—BIG SHIRT COLLAR—LONG UPPER LIP—A—THAT IS—A—HIS WIFE SQUINTS—I MEAN—A—A—HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW SQUINTS TOO—ONLY SHE'S THIN—A—AT LEAST—A—THEY'VE ALL THREE GOT RED NOSES—A—A—NOT THAT I OBJECT TO THAT—A—A—ON THE CONTRARY—A—A—I MEAN, THEY'RE MOST DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE—A—CAN'T THINK WHAT SUDDENLY PUT THEM INTO MY HEAD—A—IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE—A—!"

[Perspires profusely, and tries in vain to find another topic of conversation.]

N.B.—When he next meets the Browns, of Onslow Square, his wretched shyness will prompt him straightway to tell them how he put his foot in it at the Smiths!

DRAWING THE LINE.

THE British Lion! He, of late at least,
Has proved himself a very patient beast;
His tail terrific
Has not been wildly wagged or lashed aloft;
LEO has bowed to influences soft,
If not somnific.

Foes used to call him cruel, rampant, ruthless,
But now they hint he's growing old and toothless,
(In both mistaken).
Fainéant they fancy him, from battle shrinking,
And grown so vastly fond of forty-winking
He will not waken.

So deems the Dutchman doubtless. Holy bandit!
He finds it difficult to understand it,
LEO's long slumber.
The bold Batavian's burglarious piety
Tries rousing prods and pokes in vast variety,
And endless number.

He pulls old LEO's mane, he tweaks his tail,
And, gaining courage as these insults fail,
Concludes, no doubt,
That nothing LEO's stagnant blood will quicken,
That he has but to treat him like a chicken,
And wā-o-o-oā him out.

But— Well, a "but" does come in generally
Somewhere or other. The bold Boer's last sally
Patience must bar.

A joke's a joke; some prodding and much pricking
LEO can stand, but, when it comes to kicking,
That's going too far!

Most Christian Cut-throat, of undoubted bravery,
Whose little weaknesses are theft and slavery,
Smug Africander.

We've more than paid you all just debts that we owe,
But don't trust to the theory that LEO
Is quite a gander.

To violate our treaties, lower our flag,
Of course are bits of mere Batavian brag,
The veriest trifles.

But just a *leettle* more, and we must trounce
Manners into you, spite of all your bounce
And all your rifles.

You may rouse LEO just a bit too much, Man,
And then 'ware claws, my bold freebooting Dutchman!
If you don't watch it,
England may have to—ere this game we settle—
Oppose Dutch courage with Britannia mettle,—
And then you'll catch it!

THERE are two American Novelists who might make a Firm as *collaborateurs*, and describe their works as coming from "HOWELL'S and JAMES'S."



A TERRIBLE THREAT!

MR. W. E. G. "LOOK HERE, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND. YOU'VE THREATENED TO HORSEWHIP OUR FORCES; YOU'VE VIOLATED OUR TREATY; YOU'VE MARCHED INTO STELLALAND; AND YOU'VE PULLED DOWN OUR FLAG. A LITTLE MORE,—AND—AND—YOU'LL ROUSE THE BRITISH LION!!"

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MILITIA."

(By One who knows ALL about it.)

I.—*What have the Militia done in the Past?*—Protected the Kingdom on many occasions. It was the gallantry they displayed at Hastings that caused JULIUS CÆSAR to exclaim, "Angels not Angels!" During the War of the Roses they garrisoned the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man with the utmost bravery. As patriots they refused to fight either for King or Parliament during the Charles-Cromwell period. However, their chief claim to distinction was, perhaps, their heroic conduct at the Battle of Waterloo when, it will be remembered, the Duke of WELLINGTON addressed to them personally the historical words, "Up black-guards and at them!" Since 1815, the members of the Old Constitutional Force have had few opportunities of coming to the front. It has been remarked that, in spite of this forced inaction, they have ever been the most lucrative of friends to the Licensed Victuallers.

II.—*Is the Militia as efficient as the Foreign Reserve Forces?*—Certainly not. Taking a sample of each in the shape of a typical battalion, we can easily compare them with the German Landwehr and the Monaco Auxiliaries. Thus:—

	Officers.	Band.	Rank and File.	Flags.
182nd Rhein Wein Eisenbahns	2	80	10,000	2
2nd Battalion the Royal Surrey-Side Regiment (Late 1st Brixton Militia)	12	20	140	2
The Imperial Guard of Monte Carlo	1,148	300	7	16
	1,162	400	10,147	20

From the above it will be seen that although the British Battalion has a larger number of Officers than the German Corps, the latter makes up for the deficiency by the Rank and File. Again, the Surrey-Siders are in a numerical minority as regards Field Officers and Bands when compared with the Green Cloth Brigade.

If we compare the expenses of the three test Regiments, we get some strange results. Thus:—

Mess-Bills of Trainings. 1815—1874.

	£	s.	d.
Monaco Regiment	36,000,485	14	7½
British "	9,000,000	0	0
German "	1	5	4½
	£45,000,487	0	0

The Mess Expenses of the German Regiment would be still smaller were not the item, "Soap," included in them since 1865 by a Regulation emanating from Berlin. The cost of the Monaco Regiment is greater than it would be were not the Officers forced to play every day at the tables, by order of H.S.H. the Prince of MONTE CARLO. Of course the British bill does not include wine. Comparing the three amounts, as they appear side by side, the German certainly appears to be the most reasonable. Coming to the question of age, we find again that England differs materially from her foreign rivals, or, it may be some day, enemies. Thus:—

Average Age of	In British Service.	In German Service.	In Monaco Service.
Colonel	96 years.	46 years.	16 years.
Major	86 "	44 "	72 "
Captain	50 "	40 "	75 "
Lieutenant	18 "	30 "	99 "
Ensign	—	—	3 "
	250 "	160 "	265 "
Average Age (Five Ranks Combined) {	50 "	32 "	53 "

From these figures it will be noticed that England is neither first nor last, but occupies a medium position. This cannot possibly be satisfactory to the Ratepayer who remembers that we count upon the Continental Powers for his supply of food.

III.—*What is the present Value of the Militia?*—This is not easily ascertained. However, after a careful consideration of details, the following Table, giving approximately the value by means of a percentage, has been prepared by a practised statistician.

The Worth of the Militia—in a Hundred Parts.

As a Local Lawn Tennis Club	14
As a Country Amateur Acting Company	12
As a Blue Ribbon Organisation	2
As a Whist Party	10
As a Peace Association	61
As a Fighting Power	1

To put it plainly—the Militia "is not worth much, but is better than nothing at all." To which Mr. MACDERMOTT, as the "original Jingo," might reply, "Not much"—an affirmation likely to receive general support.

THE HOME AND THE STAGE.

(A very Domestic Drama.)

SCENE.—*The Boudoir of the Wife of the Manager, luxuriously furnished. Hanging to the Wall a certain Special Licence handsomely framed. On a table the chief Ornament of a Wedding-Cake under a glass-case. Cards of Invitation from Duchesses round a chival-glass. Other Cards of Invitation in a beautiful little waste-paper basket. Manager and Wife discovered.*

Manager. Well, sweetest, I suppose we must change the bill. My own darling, I do not think the Public will stand us much longer in our present characters. (Wife pouts.) Nay, dearest, I did not mean to offend you.

Wife. My dear, nonsense! I am not angry. Still, I think our good and loyal friends the Public might sit out an extra hundred nights. See, my lovey—(sitting on his knee)—we play an affectionate husband and wife. How delightful it must be to the many-headed to think, when the Curtain has fallen, and the Actor and Actress are at home, they are capable of leading the same kind of life, the representation of which has moved an audience to sympathetic tears.

Manager. My own!

Wife (gently but firmly disengaging herself). Nay—only thus in a photograph! This will suffice. (Gives him her hand.) Now, my dear, what shall be our next venture?

Manager. Loved one of my heart of hearts, what say you to *Othello*? It will be a new kind of matrimonial impersonation.

Wife (considering). Not bad. I should like to play *Desdemona*. I did think of *Romeo and Juliet*—you for *Romeo*, I for *Juliet*. I was reading the Tragedy just before our little darlings were taken off to bed! But no, my dear! SHAKESPEARE'S loving and lovable Italian girl has been rendered vulgar in the hands of advertising Ladies. Still, beautiful in person, fourteen years of age—

Manager (enthusiastically). You would be *Juliet* to the life!

Wife (pondering). Perhaps, and yet—no, dear—I'm afraid the Play has an immoral tendency, and—(energetically)—it certainly is disrespectful to the Aristocracy—to us! Yes, to us; for is not the title of Actor or Actress as ennobling to the bearer as Duke or Countess?

Manager (falling on one knee before her, seizing her hand, and covering it with kisses). Life of my life, it is!

Wife. Yes, it will be better to play *Othello*—you the Moor, I *Desdemona*. You know, my own true husband, how I hate sensation; but do you see your way to giving a new reading to the play?

Manager (after seating himself on a stool at his Wife's feet for a quarter of an hour, and considering). I have it! We will have the piece re-written by BILLS. It will draw the town!

Wife. Darling! (Strokes his hair with both her hands, and, with upturned eyes, silently implores a blessing.) And how shall we cast the other parts?

Manager. WIGGS would make an excellent *Iago*.

Wife (horrified). WIGGS play *Iago*? Why *Iago* is a scoundrel, a cheating knave, and WIGGS is the soul of honour, a perfect gentleman! What would the Public think of WIGGS if they saw him playing *Iago*? They would imagine he was a very scoundrel—his home the home of a heartless, remorseless hypocrite! Oh no, a thousand times no!—Poor little WILLY WIGGS shall not play *Iago*!

Manager (disappointed). Well, then, we must give up *Othello*!

Wife. Nay, dearest, you must be good! (Once more seating herself playfully on his knee). Think of WIGGS, and his position in Society. Think of that as associated with Us! If it were thought for a moment that poor dear WIGGS could be capable of *Iago*'s crimes, his popularity would go for ever. No—we must play something else.

Manager. Well, I have got a piece called "*Goody-Goody, or, Maid and Grandmother*." The worst of it is there are only two parts in it—one for you, and one for me.

Wife. How provoking! And, my dear!! no part for poor little WILLY WIGGS! Still, darling, we may like it. Let us read it at once.

[Scene closes in upon a tableau suggestive of businesslike effort combined with domestic felicity.]

A REAL NOVELTY.—It is said that Mr. WILSON CHATTERTON CLAUDIAN BARRETT has something startling in store for playgoers in his next production. When he revives *Hamlet* he is not going to revive the *Ghost*. At least the *Ghost* will be invisible. Only, in that case, how about *Horatio*'s description of the Spectre's personal appearance? Bad omen, if, in theatrical slang, "the *Ghost* doesn't walk" at the Princess's.

"I AM SO VERSATILE!"



"November 27, 1844.—Dined with the CANNINGS, and met Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PHILLIMORE. We were curious to see the former, as he is a man who is much spoken of as one who will come to the front. We were disappointed at his appearance, which is that of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, but he is very agreeable."



"July 24, 1860.—GLADSTONE, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about Negro Melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camp Down Races.'"—Extract from Lord Malmesbury's Autobiography.



"HAWARDEN.—Yesterday Mr. GLADSTONE read the Lessons."—Local Paper.

AIR—"I am so Volatile!"

My name is NIMBLE WILL,
I was born when the age began;
And, pride of my time, I stand sublime,
A Versatile Grand Old Man.
And the people flock around,
And walk for many a mile,
To see the Old Boy, his Country's joy,
Who is so versatile.
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
How they jump for joy at the Grand Old Boy,
Who is so versatile!

I went to Eton School,
And I proved uncommonly quick
At history, classics, and mathematics,
The tongues, and arith-me-tic.
I've written things up—and down,
With equal ardour of style,
And I jumped over party traces, I did,
I am so versatile,
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
I have Courses Three for each ex-i-gen-cy,
I am so versatile!

Then didn't I love the Church!
And didn't the Church love me!
Though I left it at last a bit in the lurch
Through mine infirmity;
'Twas thought great NEWMAN once
Might win me with his guile,
And make me a plastic ecclesiastic.
I am so versatile!
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
I could not even stop in the Oxford shop,
I am so versatile!

Music to me was dear,
I would sing SIMS REEVES for a wager,
Could charm at will with a tenor trill,
Or ring a triple bob major.
And I loved to black my face,
In the Nigger Minstrel style,
And Doo-da sing to the banjo's string.
I am so versatile!
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
Great MACKENY's sleight I could beat out
of sight,
I am so versatile!

I got more active still.
Later on, in my long career,

Passed many a Bill, as the People's WILL,
Made hundreds of speeches each year.
Yet at church the lessons I read
In a proper parsonish style,
Oh, the Tories cry, "He will never say die,
He is so versatile!"
Yes, I am so versatile! Oh, I am so versatile!
They may fume and fret, but I'm not dead
yet,
I am so versatile!

In a (Grand) Old Man's Voice.

But now I'm getting old,
My hair is thin and grey,
Yet my voice isn't weak, for three hours I
can speak,
And keep it up every day.
And as for my axe-wielding limbs,
They also are juvenile,
Spite Sir ANDREW's fiat, I cannot keep
quiet,
I am so versatile!
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
Though I'm getting old, yet still I'm told
I'm just as versatile!

PROSPECTIVE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.—Our Only General will appear in a new version of *Called Back* (by W. E. GLADSTONE), and will recite, in character, "How I didn't find GORDON at Khartoum."

CORNEILLE à S. ROCK.—From an English point of view, a very sound one it must be admitted, it was fitting that the Bicentenary of CORNEILLE the great Pierre Angulaire, or corner-stone, of the French Theatre, should have been celebrated by a service at S. Rock.



EARLY ENGLISH.

Mamma (absently, to Dolly, who has been kicking her Chair). "DON'T, I SAY! DON'T, DOLLY—DON'T! DO YOU HEAR ME! DON'T!"
Dolly (injured). "OH, MAMMY, I DID DON'T!"

N.B.—IMPORTANT ADVERTISEMENT!

WANTED, to conduct the affairs of a First-class Imperial Power, a thoroughly respectable and experienced Statesman, of sound Liberal proclivities. Though expected resolutely to maintain and act upon those great principles with which his public career has always been associated, he will have to understand that the petty trammels and manoeuvres of party warfare, however conducive to a permanent lease of political supremacy, will not be accepted in condonation either of a halting and fragmentary Legislation at home, or of feeble and knock-kneed patriotism abroad. He will have to possess a concise and accurate knowledge of contemporary Cabinet History, be well grounded in Diplomatic Geography, and sufficiently Master of Foreign Language to enable him to reply vigorously, tersely, and without any fear or hesitation, to any minatory or insolent remark suddenly addressed to him either in, French, Russian, German, or in any other European tongue whatever.

In expressing himself, he will have on all occasions to bear steadily in mind that the first duty of the rhetorician is to make himself clear and intelligible, inasmuch as no splendour of diction, wealth of imagery, or fertility of illustration can be regarded as a substitute for that straightforwardness and perspicuity which alone lend force, weight, and dignity to oratorical utterance. His knowledge of music should be sufficiently accurate to allow of his taking even a leading part in any European concert without necessarily playing a false, jarring, or discordant note; and though he will never, as any part of his duty, be called upon to act as a Soloist for the mere purpose of blowing his own trumpet, he must hold himself prepared, if summoned in case of emergency, to sound, single-handed, the tocsin for his country. It is desirable that he should have enough acquaintance with Egyptian hieroglyphics to warrant him in compassing the idea of some profitable occupation in the immediate neighbourhood of the Nile; while his elementary knowledge of naval matters should be sufficiently developed to prevent him from sinking not only a single ship, but the entire fleet of his country, for the sake of a ha'porth of Treasury tax. As the post is one involving considerable responsibility, the most stringent inquiries will be made, and unexceptionable references required. Salary liberal.

N.B.—An old and practised public servant, who thinks on due reflection, he can thoroughly comply with these conditions, much preferred.
 Apply, personally, to JOHN BULL, Esq., the Constituencies, Great Britain.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

I'm back; though holidays are sweet,
 I'm game to vow this minute,
 There's nothing like a London street,
 And all the people in it.
 For grave or gay, or young or old,
 Or sensible or silly,
 No panorama is unrolled
 Like Park and Piccadilly.

I've wandered by the Scottish rills,
 To court the bracing zephyr,
 That blows across the pleasant hills
 That rise above Strathpeffer.
 I've visited the Western isles,
 Seen Blaavin in its glory,
 And watched the sun's departing smiles
 At Coll and Tobermory.

I've heard the bells that Father P.
 Declared oft sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the Lee—
 I mean the Bells of Shandon.
 Like PROUT, when he took WALTER SCOTT,
 I've kissed the Stone of Blarney,
 And paid what tourists call their "shot,"
 At Muckross and Killarney.

I've scaled the Alps, I know each place
 Those mountain arms environ;
 Lake Leman wooed me with the face
 That won the heart of BYRON.
 I've been to Venice, found a home
 At Florence, near the Pitti,
 And stood beneath Saint Peter's dome,
 In the Eternal City.

I've boated on the haunted Rhine,
 The theme of many a rhymist;
 I've thought Cologne Cathedral fine,
 And loved my Rudesheimer.
 I've visited that dull Madrid,
 I've dined in gay Vienna,
 And found how Teuton belles have rid
 Themselves of their duenna.

I've been to Athens—do not frown,
 O Scholar, when I've stated,
 The City of the Violet Crown
 Is vastly overrated.
 I've seen the Pyramids, and there
 The mummies and the scarabs,
 And wondered at the haughty air
 Of very dirty Arabs.

I've voyaged to the Golden Gate—
 See BRET HARTE'S stirring stanzas—
 Where San Francisco lies in state,
 The home of Big Bonanzas.
 I've viewed the splendour of New York,
 The blacks in Carolina,
 Been waited on by "helps" from Cork,
 And pig-tailed sons of China.

I've tasted curry in Bombay,
 At many a lively "tiffin,"
 And smiled to see the lordly way
 Of every English "griffin."
 I've known Calcutta and Madras,
 The stately shrines of Brahma,
 And seen the dusky natives pass
 In endless panoramas.

But wheresoe'er, or at what time,
 I wandered o'er this planet,
 I'm fain to end this wayward rhyme,
 Methinks, as I began it.
 I'd leave the fairest spots on earth,
 All sights and cities undone,
 To live, as I have lived from birth,
 Amid the roar of London!

~~~~~  
**SERVE HIM RIGHT!**—The Gentleman who tried to scrape an acquaintance, has been locked up for an assault!

## HARRY AT A POLITICAL PIC-NIC.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, my ribstone? Seems scrumptious to write the old name. I 'ave quite lost the run of you lately. Bin playing some dark little game? I 'm keepin' mine hup as per usual, fust in the pick of the fun, For wherever there's larks on the tappy there's 'ARRY as sure as a gun.

The latest new lay's Demonstrations. You've heard on 'em, CHARLIE, no doubt, For they're at 'em all over the shop. I 'ave 'ad a rare bustle about. All my Saturday arfs are devoted to Politics. Fancy, old chump, Me doing the sawdusty reglar, and follering swells on the stump!

But, bless yer, my bloater, it isn't all chin-music, votes, and "Ear! ear!" Or they wouldn't catch me on the ready, or nail me for ninespence. No fear! Percessions I've got a bit tired of, hoo!-padding, and scrouging's dry rot, But Political Picnics mean sugar to them as is fly to wot's wot.

Went to one on 'em yesterday, CHARLIE; a reglar old up and down lark. The Pallis free gratis, mixed up with a old country fair in a park, And Rosherville Gardens chucked in, with a dash of the Bean Feast will do, To give you some little idear of our day with Sir JINKS BOTTLEBLUE.

Make much of us, CHARLIE? Lor bless you, we might ha' bin blooming Chinese A-doing the rounds at the 'Ealthrics. 'Twas regular go as you please. Lawn-tennis, quots, cricket, and dancing for them as *must* be on the shove, But I preferred packing and prowling, and spotting the mugs making love.

Don't ketch me a-slinging my legs about arter a beast of a ball At ninety degrees in the shade or so, CHARLIE, old chap, not at all. Athletics 'aint 'ardly my form, and a outaway coat and tight bags Are the species of togs for yours truly, and lick your loose "flannels" to rags.

So I let them as liked do a swelter; I scorned about on the snap. Rum game this yer Politics, CHARLIE, seems arf talkee-talkie and trap. Jest fancy old BOTTLEBLUE letting "the multitood" pic-nic and lark, And make Battersea Park of his pleasure-grounds, Bathelmy Fair of his park!

"To show his true love for the People!" sez one vote-of-thanking tall-talker, And wasn't it rude of a bloke as was munching a bun to cry "Walker!"? I 'm Tory right down to my boots, at a price, and I bellered "Ear! ear!" But they don't cop yours truly with chaff none the more, my dear CHARLIE, no fear!

Old BOTTLEBLUE tipped me his flipper, and 'oped I'd "refreshed," and all that. "Wy rather," sez I, "wot do you think?" at which he stared into his 'at, And went a bit red in the gills. Must ha' thought me a muggins, old man, To ask sech a question of 'ARRY—as though grubbing short was his plan.

I went the rounds proper, I tell yer; 'twas like the free run of a Bar, And Politics want lots o' wetting. Don't ketch me perched up on a car, Or 'olding a flag-pole no more. No, percessions, dear boy, ain't my fad, But Political Pic-nics with fireworks, and plenty of swiz ain't 'arf bad.

The palaver was sawdust and treacle. Old BOTTLEBLUE buzzed for a bit, And a sniffy young Wiscount in barnacles landed wot 'e thought a 'it: Said old GLADSTONE was like SIMPSON's weapon, a bit of a hass and all jor, When a noisy young Rad in a wideawake wanted to give him wot for!

"Yah! boo! Turn 'im hout!" sings yours truly, a-thinkin' the fun was at 'and.

But, bless yer! 'twas only a sputter. I can't say the meeting *looked* grand. Five thousand they reckoned us, CHARLIE, but if so I guess the odd three Were a-spooning about in the halleys, or lappin' up buns and Bohea.

The band and the 'opping was prime though, and 'ARRY in course was all there. I 'ad several turns with a snappy young party with stror-coloured 'air. Her name she inforimed me was POLLY, and wen, in my 'appiest style, I sez, "POLLY is nicer than Politics!" didn't she colour and smile?

We got back jest in time for the Fireworks, a proper flare-up, and no kid, Which finished that day's Demonstration, an' must 'ave cost many a quid. Wot fireworks and park-feeds do Demonstrate, CHARLIE, I 'm blest if I see, And I 'm blowed if I care a brass button, so long as I get a cheap spree.

The patter's all bow-wow, of course, but it goes with the buns and the beer. If it pleases the Big-wigs to spout, wy it don't cost hus nothink to cheer. Though they *ain't* got the 'ang of it, CHARLIE, the toffs ain't,—no go and no spise! Wy, I'd back BARNEY CRUMP at our Sing-song to lick 'em two times out o' twice!

Still I 'm all for the Lords and their lot, CHARLIE. Rads are my 'orror, you know. Change R into C and you've got 'em, and 'ARRY 'ates anythink low. So if Demonstrations means skylarks and lotion as much as you 'll carry, These "busts of spontaneous opinion" may rec'on all round upon, *ARRY.*

THE SLAUGHTER OF GULLS.—Mortality among believers in mendacious advertisements, who slay themselves by the practice of taking Patent Medicines.

## TRIUMPHANT BILLINGSGATE!

SOME eighteen months ago the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and the Officials of the Corporation, with the customary amount of loud talk, and loud promises, and loud cheers, opened a new Fish Market in Smithfield that was to break up the "Ring" in classic Billingsgate, and give the people cheap fish, and plenty of it. Great was the rejoicing, especially among the Poor, and great the amount of *kudos* gained by the Corporation aforesaid for at last consenting to break up a wicked monopoly that raised the price of food, but brought them in about £15,000 a year. There were, to be sure, some few cynical lookers-on, who ventured to suggest the wisdom of waiting awhile before shouting so uproariously, and seeing the result of the new experiment, but they were but few, and their warning was unheeded.

Last Thursday week, however, a report was presented to the Corporation by its Markets Committee, which, if it mean anything, means that the New Market is, financially, a failure, and should at once be closed. Mr. *Punch* confesses that he ought to have known better, but he was almost as much surprised as disgusted to read that the announcement was received by the representatives of Billingsgate with a shout of triumph. It would have been wiser, and certainly more decent, for them to have enjoyed their victory quietly, for it induces Mr. *Punch*, in the interest of the Public, to endeavour to discover whether the Corporation was in earnest in what they did, and what means they took to enable the new venture to cope successfully with the old giant monopoly.

The arrangements at starting, he learns, were simply ludicrous. The mess in which the place was constantly kept prevented any decently dressed person going there a second time. The Official Salesman was not permitted to begin business until ten o'clock! He was not allowed to visit the fishing stations on the coast to make arrangements with the principal fish-senders. There were no Inspectors appointed, the consequence being that quantities of bad fish were sent there from a certain other Market, with the object of giving it a bad name. Some thirty or forty shops are purposely kept vacant, the whole of which could be let to-morrow under different regulations. Call you this backing your Market, O City Corporation? To be sure most of these matters have been remedied, but it is scarcely fair to forget their effect.

And despite of all this cruel mismanagement what has been the result? The sales of fish, we learn, are only about three hundred tons a month. Blooming Billingsgate sells as much in a day, it is triumphantly said. But three hundred tons a month means ten tons a day, and as it is nearly all sold retail, we may reduce it to pounds, and that means 22,400 lbs. of good fresh fish sold daily to the neighbouring population at such a price as induces them readily to purchase all that is sent there. Why no more is sent there triumphant Billingsgate could tell us, but it is not very probable that will be done.

The Corporation boast of being "Lords of the Markets," it cannot be supposed for a moment that they hold them as sources of profit; for if so, they would be bound to reduce their tolls. Let them then behave generously to this child of their old age, and if they put their two fish markets together, financially, they will find there is still a balance that will enable them to condone the Monopoly of Billingsgate by the Freedom of Farringdon.

## An Ultra-Radical Recipe.

(For Cooking the National Goose.)

LET our Colonies, weakly or strong, go,  
Our honour (and ships) for a song go,  
Cave in to the Dutch,  
Ask they little or much,  
And chuck up the Nile and the Congo!

## A Call to the Bar.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will probably be interested in the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:

YOUTH WANTED, as Learner for the Public-house Bar. Those with good references can apply, &c.

What course of study has a Youth to go through before he becomes an acknowledged Public-house Barrister? In the Temple he has to eat his terms; perhaps for the other branch of the profession, he has to drink them.

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OF EVERY HOBBS AND OUTFITTER THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Wholesale only, Central Depot, 227, Newgate Street, London.

THE NATURAL BITTER WATER of *Frederick's* Is Sold by all respectable Chemists, Grocers, and Mineral Water Dealers.

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Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor sport, the points being rounded by a new process. Assorted Sample Box, 6d. of any Stationer, or send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM. London Warehouse, 24, King Edward Street, E.C.

"The" PHOTOGRAPHERS 122, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NOTTINGHAM, A 62, BRIGHTON, GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, NEWCASTLE, LEEDS, EDINBURGH, BRADFORD, BOULTON, LEICESTER, LONDON, LEEDS, HANLEY, WIGAN.

*W. H. Thomas & Co.*

THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS *Apollinaris* ANNUAL SALE 10,000,000.

# Fry's Cocoa Extract.

Guaranteed perfectly pure Cocoa only. NINETEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS



respectfully invite applications for PATTERNS of their NEW MATERIALS for the Present Season. These are forwarded post free, together with the ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, containing 250 Engravings, illustrating the most becoming and fashionable styles of Costumes for the wear of Gentlemen, Young Men, and Ladies.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, 65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

Contains CITIZEN (Nature's Builder), and for this reason is superior TO ALL OTHER preparations for Baths. It fortifies the body against disease and cold.

CONDY'S OZONISED SEA SALT. FOR BATHING, DISINFECTING, AND OTHER PURPOSES. Complete the properties of SEA-WATER, and a PURE AIR-BATH. It invigorates the Body and strengthens the Nerves. Of all Chemists. Prices: 1 lb., 1s.; 2 lbs., 1s. 6d.; 1 Doz., 10s. 6d.



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The Bradford Manufacturing Co., by trading direct with the Public, have effected a revolution in the Styles and Fabrics of Dress Materials. This is testified by innumerable Press opinions. Carriage is paid to any part of the United Kingdom, on all orders over £1. The Century Cashmere, as exhibited at the Health Exhibition, are in ever increasing demand. Be particular to address in full. Please write at once, and mention *Punch*.



COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER, as supplied to N.M. War Department. COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER, as adopted by the United States Government.

COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle cartridge, .44 cal. COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER, and DEERING, for the Vest pocket; best quality only. Colt's Revolvers are made all over the world. COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTIONED SHOT GUNS and MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and the Colonies. Write at once, and mention *Punch*.

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FROM A CHEMIST OF THE CURE OF NEURALGIA.

"Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in recommending this the public your valuable preparation 'Tikheel.' In cases where I have known it to be used, it was most effectual in curing Neuralgia, and also Toothache. I hope you will be well repaid for your certain and safe remedy. The Editor of 'The Standard,' 'Heddingham, Northumberland.' Price 2s. 6d. to be obtained of all Chemists everywhere. Send Post Free for 2s. 6d. in Stamp or P.O. Note to Messrs. HARTIN'S PATENT CRIMSON SALT DISINFECTING POWDER, CLARE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. LONDON: BARRY & CRISP, 1, New Bond Street, W.; Butler & Crisp, 4, Change Alley, E.C. Exporters: Dundas, Edinburgh, & Co. Export: Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix, Paris; Griffin & Co.

# HARTIN'S CRIMSON SALT DISINFECTING POWDER. FOR DRY USE.

Non-Poisonous, non-Corrosive, perfectly soluble, and WITHOUT SMELL. Is ready for instant use by sprinkling upon all that is offensive or dangerous.

Geo. H. TWEDDIE, Esq., F.R.S., says:—"The results of an extended and elaborate series of carefully-conducted experiments, convince me that HARTIN'S PATENT CRIMSON SALT DISINFECTING POWDER is a most reliable, economical, thorough, and safe Disinfectant."

Sold by Chemists everywhere in Tins. Prices 1s. and 2s. Wholesale by Hartin's Crimson Salt Co., Ltd., Worcester.

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The BEST of all, in Tins, in Packs, in Boxes, in Aromatic Turkish or Sweet Virginia. CANTAB are sold at Messrs. J. & C. G. & Co., 49, Strand, and 140, Chancery Lane, and at leading Tobacconists in the Kingdom. A. RICCIOTTI, Manufacturer.

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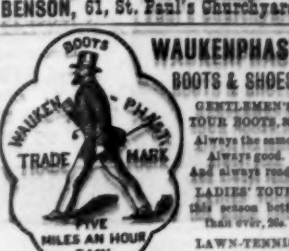
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THREE WORLD-FAMED ROSES CANNOT FAIL TO GIVE THE GREATEST SATISFACTION. DESCRIPTIVE LISTS c/- above and following free on application.—Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs (2s. per doz.), Clematis (12s. to 20s. per doz.), Roses in Pots (12s. to 20s. per doz.), Herbaceous and Alpine Plants (in good selection, 6s. per doz., 25s. per 100), Vines (2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.), Shrub and Greenhouse Plants, Fruit Trees, &c., &c.

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